

A Viking's journey

by Ki-Chan Riker

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Family

Language: English

Characters: Dagur, OC, Snotlout, Spitelout

Pairings: OC/Dagur

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-01-22 22:24:11

Updated: 2015-08-02 21:19:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:33:30

Rating: K+

Chapters: 6

Words: 8,648

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Kara is just a peasant in Scotland, but what happens when she finds tracks of a dragon? Will she take the journey and adventure standing before her or will she stay in Scotland? And to make matters even more complicated, she finds out that she isn't even Scottish, she's Viking born, and scorned by her own family. Will she find her real family or not? Under partial construction!

1. Prologue & Your Destiny

Chapter 1: Prologue & Your Destiny

It was dark- pitch dark. Way darker than that of the inside of a dog or even a dragon. The air was filled with a stifling, salty fragrance while the air tasted like that of sulfur. The only noise was that of a voice on top of violent waves hitting the base of the cliffs. The very essence of this place was of tragedy- a long lasting never ending sorrow which weighed your heart down like a ton of rocks.

The voices became more distinct, bickering between a boy and a girl, siblingsâ€¦ perhaps?

"Many have heard of the tale of a girl trying to find her real self. Our story begins in Scotland, land of the Bear King, Kingdom of DunBroch, and a small cottage in a remote section of the kingdom." The narrator spoke as everything around him was black.

A voice with a slight Scottish accent and female sounding spoke next to the Narrator. "What are ya doing?"

"Telling a story, what does it look like?" The Narrator told her, pointing to the castle scene in front of him, as a candle flared to life revealing a red haired lass arms crossed looking at Snotlout.

"Really, Snotlout? Scotland?" She asked, looking closer to the story her brother was telling.

"What's wrong with Scotland for the beginning of our story?" Snotlout asked, indignant.

"If ya really want to tell this story right, leave it to me. I'm the one that lived it." She pushed Snotlout over, standing where he stood and started to paint the air with her words.

"Any who, where our story actually began was in a little house on Berk on a cold snowy night many years before Hiccup befriended the first dragon. Berk's nights are always cold, but this one was different. Inside that house was a woman named Blaire, who was giving birth to her second child. Blaire was not Viking born. She became the Wife of Spitelout many years before when the Celts, who were her people, bargained with the Vikings insuring peace for their two people.

The child that she gave birth to was a wee lass, named Aife because the day she came out of the Womb, she was already fighting. Spitelout and Blaire claimed that the wee lassie was in fact more of a Viking then she was Celtic, the same as her older brother, Snotlout. Blaire never understood why her husband insisted on that ridiculous name..."

"Hey!" Snotlout interrupted his sister. "It's not ridiculous. It keeps the trolls away. They're more of a pest then the dragons ever were."

The red head turned to her brother, pulling out a sword and pointing it at his throat. "Who's telling this story?"

Seeing his nod, she continued. "Several weeks went by and the proud parents planned to have the Viking Naming Ceremony, but Scottish warriors attacked Berk. This attack was worse and far different then the other ones. It was led by a man that had a grudge against the Vikings. No one knew why, except for Spitelout and Stoick.

"One of the men attacked Blaire, where she was with her two children. Knowing that she didn't have long to live, she sent Snotlout with his baby sister to hide behind some rubble as she held off the men. Blaire Jorgenson did not survive that fight for very long, but she slew three of Bernard the bear's men." The girl's voice filled with sorrow when she spoke of how her mother died. "They stole the sword she wielded and went in search of the babe she had given birth to.

"They left Berk with the child and the sword, the Berkians not knowing if Aife had survived or not. Blaire had lived long enough to tell Spitelout about her daughter's fate. The tribe searched long and hard for the missing babe, but years went by and not a trace was found of her. But she was living a totally different life, having been renamed Kara MacMillan. That's where our story begins and continues with."

Snotlout looked at Kara, knowing that her way was probably better than his. "So that's it?" He asked, being Snotlout once again.

"You didn't listen to a word I just said did you?" Kara asked,

tackling Snotlout and pushing his horns into the ground.

****Chapter One****

****Your destiny****

Eleven years later

Kara stood in the meadow outside her home, glaring at shredded the remains of a deer carcass. The animal had been slightly small, it was a doe after all but now all that hung there were it's bones. It looked like whatever or whoever took the meat had roasted it where it hung, then had ripped what it wanted to eat and left the rest.

"Great, just great. If I don't come back with that deer, father will kill me!" The girl looked higher up the tree trunk, where the carcass hung during the night. Kara noticed weird etchings or marks in the wood; almost like that of claw marks of somethingâ€¦. Huge.

"What the devil made those?" Kara asked herself, following the weird tracks, knowing that if she did not come home with meat her father would be very angry. Suddenly the tracks ended in a large clearing. Knowing that she wasn't going to get the beast, she quickly grabbed her bow and headed deeper searching for meat to bring home.

When the sun had sunk below the ridgeline of the West Mountains, Kara finally gave up her search and headed home with dread. Muttering to herself, she only hoped that her father had not been drinking again and probably sleep outside again. That wish however was highly unlikely, so the girl stomped it out of her head.

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"Where's that worthless girl, now?" A male voice grumbled as he stomped through the small cottage. the door opened quietly and Kara walked in to face her punishment. The girl's blaze of hair hid her face from the taller man.

"Finally." The man grumbled, his large stature towering over Kara. "I sent you to get that deer I shot yesterday. How long does it take you to do a simple job?" his anger grew when he saw that Kara carried home no meat.

"Fatherâ€¦." Kara tried to talk but the man backhanded her, making Kara fall to the floor in pain, clutching her already red cheek. Her blue eyes blazed with emotions, but she held her tongue/

"You're worthless to me, since the day I rescued you from those beasts. You are no daughter of mine." He bellowed at her, grabbing the neck of her tunic. Kara tried to pry his fingers loose but to no avail.

As she struggled to breathe, Kara cried in desperation. "Father, please!"

The man threw her away from in disgust, hand grabbing at the sword hanging above the mantel, uttering fatal words. "I'm not your father, girl. I raised you as my own for this? You are just a stinking Viking, just like the man that killed my loved one. An eye for an

eye, arm for an arm."

His nails dug grooves into the ancient leather as he grabbed Kara by her elbow and threw her into the night, voicing his words with an orotund tone. "A child for a child, Aife Jorgenson."

Kara stared at him, as she landed in a puddle of mud, the sword landing beside her. Great pellets of rain hit her, soaking Kara to the bone. The skies were finally dumping their burdens, matching how the lost girl felt inside.

"You and that bloody sword have only caused me grief. Get out of my sight before I get my bow." He bellowed, slamming shut the door once more.

Kara picked up the sword, buckling it on her back and stumbled away into the night. The direction was not picked with a destination in mind. She was frantically wiping beads of tears and rain so that she could see. The only thing she knew was that she had to get away. There was no safety here, this was not where she belonged. So where did she?

By the time she reached a cave, not well known to anyone, she was freezing from the rain and more than curious about the sword on her back. She had heard the tales of that sword from the man she thought was her father, more times than she could count.

Shivering from the cold, she searched for some dry wood to start a fire with. As she searched, she came across those same claw marks that she had found earlier. Putting it from her mind, she started a fire and huddled close to it, hoping that some of the heat would warm her heart as well, but to no avail.

Kara stared into the flames, thinking about what had transpired earlier. She wasn't even named MacMillan for Thor's sake. Her real name was Kara Jorgenson, and right there as she cried herself to sleep in that unknown cave in the middle of nowhere, she decided to take up her rightful name.

2. Unlikely friends

Chapter Two

Unlikely Friends

Kara felt the last smidgens of heat leave her body, awaking the still troubled girl. Sitting up and staring at the remains of her campfire, Kara wondered why she had been taken. The man who had raised her, who she had thought of a father, claimed that Kara was only a prize and a replacement to him.

"Who truly am I?" She asked, walking outside to a fresh smelling world. She had always liked it right after a rainstorm; the Earth had always felt cleaner somehow to her. Walking to the loch* near the cave, Kara stared at her reflection.

"Am I Kara MacMillan, a Scottish pheasant?" she asked herself, wiping away tears with her sleeve. "Or am I Aife Jorgenson, a lost Vikings stranded from her true people?"

Holding the scabbard that she had grabbed from the mud last night, Kara looked at the weathered leather, running her fingers delicately over the etchings. The marks were a combination of Celtic and something foreign, but the design was that of a winged beast with wings outstretched and something like flame coming from its mouth.

The image on the scabbard; a dragon breathing fire in a circle, convinced her. Looking over the foggy lake, she had stood before, she grabbed the bow Bernard had taught her how to carve and hurled it into the water as hard as she could. "I am a prisoner trying to get home." She realized.

Knowing not many people would name Kara Jorgenson around this part of Scotland, she figured to go by just Kara for a while, until reaching the seat of DunBroch. Looking at the West Mountains, she smiled grimly knowing that trying to get home would take a while without any money or food.

"Well first things first, let's get some fish." Kara told herself, grabbing the ball of twine from her pocket and short knife from her boot.

Because she had been doing both the chores and hunting since a young age, Kara had come to realize that wearing a proper full length dress was not so practical, she had made a skirt that was shorter and easier to move stealthy and quickly in. When she had went to town for the first time to trade things, the townspeople had been horrified to see her wear a leather skirt, but quickly got used to her strange habits.

She had slowly improved her hunting and in the process many different people came to her and bought her catches. It was the only way Bernard got any money and most of it was used to buy his mead. The barkeeper knew that Bernard used the only money his daughter made and felt sorry for the girl along with several others.

Kara caught several fish at the lake, too many to eat that night, but knowing that she would need some food for the journey ahead of her, Kara planned on smoking them. The trip back to the cave took less time than someone else would, because she knew every trail and shortcut in these woods.

Kara packed her things in a small bundle, knowing that she could hunt when she came to Glasco. It was a several day hike from the Loch where she had slept nearby last night. It had many dangers along the trail, but Aife knew it well and never had anything happen to her while she traveled.

As she traveled the woods, Aife came across more of the strange markings along with several knocked down and burned trees. Stopping, she looked closer at the wood, having never seen this happen before.

"Well I guess there's more than one of those things. Wonder what it is." She asked herself, peering closer to get another look. Following the tracks, Aife came to another large clearing with an equally as large burn mark in the middle. The tracks had once again disappeared like before, vanishing when the tracks reached the middle. Looking

around herself, Aife looked every which way before settling on starting skyward.

"Well the only way it could have disappeared is if it went up and that's impossibleâ€unless. Nah, that's just a myth, or is it?" She asked herself, starting to put together the facts. The burned trees, the weird claw marks, and the mysteriously disappearing tracks. "Dragons don't exist, silly."

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Walking onwards, she heard a furious roar come from in front of her. Repeating the words "Dragons don't exist" Aife walked forwards, coming face to face with a fire covered scaly beast.

"They exist!" She yelled to herself tumbling backwards in her haste to get away.

The dragon's wings were folded up and it perched on them, as a large quite toothy snout came closer as small almost beady looking eyes peered at her. Its scales were almost a purplish-orange color. And did I mention it was on Fire?!

"Oh no, I'm too young to die!" Aife shrieked, trying to scoot backwards while hyperventilating in a panic. The dragon tried to follow her, but it couldn't get past the old evergreen trees. It roared louder, when it found it couldn't budge. Aife stopped scooting backwards, trying to push her panic away and stood up, trying to figure out why the animal didn't follow her. Her mind told her to get out of the area and leave the animal, but her heart and conscious told her to help her.

"Alright, Fine!" She exclaimed, throwing up her arms. Looking closer, she found the dragon wasn't trapped by the trees, but by a large metal trap that had clamped onto its leg.

She had seen many of those traps hanging from the rafters in Bernard's barn. Aife had asked the man to get rid of the deadly and horrible looking traps, but he had only laughed in her face. "Alright, I need to calm you down first, fella, but how?"

Sitting down her wrapped bundle, she dug through her meager belongings. The beast roared louder, seeing the knife and sword she carried. Not wanting to make it any more difficult, Aife set down her weapons out of arm's reach. Spying the only food that she carried, Aife grabbed the smoked salmon and moving slowly gave the dragon some by tossing it one. She wasn't sure off what gender the animal was, but decided that it was a female.

Holding out her hand with some more of the smoked fish, Aife closed her eyes and turned her face the other way, praying that it wouldn't harm her.

Feeling light pressure of sharp teeth on her skin, Aife squeezed shut her eyes, fearing the worst, but the dragon had only taken the offered fish and sniffed her hand, nudging her for more of the delicious treat.

Opening her eyes, Aife stared incredible at the animal, wondering why it didn't bite her hand off along with that fish. Putting it from her

mind, she eased around the on fire dragon to get to the trapped leg.

"He has hurt more than just Vikings, girl. But hold still while I spring this trap." Aife talked with the animal, trying to calm the creature while she worked quickly. Pushing her hand on the lever did nothing, so Aife tried different things, but it still wouldn't budge. While she stepped back and looked into its eyes, seeing something she couldn't name.

"Alright girl, I think I know what I can do, but you've got to trust me." Aife told her not knowing the great animal had already trusted her.

Grabbing her knife, the dragon started to growl, Aife softly and calmly soothed the dragon. Aife moved quickly, cutting a large branch to wedge between the metal and trapped appendage. Putting the wood tip into the trap, Aife wedged it open just enough for the dragon to get free.

Once the dragon was free and Aife had let the trap snap shut, breaking the wood, she turned expecting the released animal to be gone, but she hadn't left. Watching the girl, the dragon sniffed her harder, trying to understand what her scent was telling her.

"Hey, pretty girl." Aife talked like she was talking to one of the animals back on the farm. "You're free. If you want to stay around, you might as well get a name, huh?"

Thinking hard, Aife wanted something that truly represented the magnificent animal before her. "How aboutâ€¦SparkShower?"

The dragon cocked its head at her, Aife seeing it took that to be a yes. "Alright Spark, you're free now. Go about your way, go join your family, girl."

Watching as the now freed dragon fly into the horizon over the West Mountains, Aife hoped that she would be okay. She had looked at the marks on the dragon's leg from the trap, but her scales prevented the metal from going deeper.

Hearing rustling and loud cursing coming her way, Aife hurriedly left the area. She didn't want Bernard to drag her back to chores and sleeping with the animals again, she liked this new found freedom of hers. He would be angry when he found the trap empty, but that was slight compared to what he would do if he caught Aife in the area next to an empty trap.

Reaching Glasco was easier said than done, but Aife came across the outskirts of town just as the sun reached its zenith. She was tired from her almost six day march, but knew it was a small price to pay to keep her identity secret. She was tired, but knew that she needed a job to earn her keep and a roof over her head. Glasco was the town that her 'father' didn't visit, preferring to travel to the town near the coast rather, than the base of the West Mountains.

A/N: I have the next couple of chapters written so expect updates soon. Also as I will now tell you, I love reviews, but please don't leave just a word or two telling me to continue. I hate that, because I already plan on updating. Reviews are meant for the person to point

out flaws and what they liked. Helping the author make her story better and more descriptive, not just telling you liked it. What parts of the story did you like? What parts did you not like? Was there anything that you thought could change and have it flow better? I post stories not just for your enjoyment, but to get feedback and make them better.

3. Lost Princess

****Chapter Three****

****Lost Princess****

Walking through the streets of Glasco, Aife tried to find a place that would pay her to work every single shop owner she asked, slammed the door shut on her before she got very far in her question. Finally she stood before a well kept building that was two stories, a traveler's inn.

"Well, let's hope that they need some help." Aife asked herself, before walking through the front door.

The owner was a big barrel chest of a man, with laughing eyes. Catching sight of the red haired girl, he motioned her over to the counter with a kind smile. "Aren't you a little young for being in here, young 'in?"

"I was wondering if you were hiring." Aife asked him, uneasy about the drunken patrons.

"Aye, the misses has been complaining about the lack of help around here. You'll find her in the back, washing linens." The man told her, pushing her through the kitchen.

A thin grouchy woman looked up from stirring a pot of soup. "Well, what are you standing around for girl?" She demanded. "There's laundry to do and dishes to be washed. Get to it."

Aife sighed, knowing that she had traded one life of chores for another, but if it meant that she was going to get back to Viking shores, it was worth it.

Aife sighed, taking down and folding the last sheet for the day. She was glad that tomorrow was the day that she was in charge of the bar instead of laundry like she usually was. After the week's worth of working, Aife always headed out to the forest to catch some meat for the next week. Leif was willing to let her have a couple days off each week so that she could go get some deer for the next couple of days. He said it was easier to let Aife go, because not only did he not have to pay for it, but she got excellent deer and the hides were still workable.

That was her regular week at the Cross Road Inn and Tavern for the past two years. Aife's dream of getting home was now just a distant memory, buried underneath all of the day to day work and hardships.

Setting the hamper of clean linens on the table, she headed towards bed, not bothering to even get a bite to eat. She rolled her blanket

out in front of the fireplace, going to sleep before her head even reached her arm.

Aife woke up to someone kicking her in the back. Sighing she stood up, wrapping her blanket and putting it away in the kitchen, then starting the fire under the stove and started to get ready for another day at Cross Roads. Today was her day to serve drinks and such. Leif hadn't wanted her to be around the drunken men, but gave in when she had pointed out that everybody needed a day off in a while.

This wasn't her ideal job, but to Aife it was better than nothing. Working at the Tavern wasn't so hard, in her opinion, but it sure wore a body out. Leif's wife, Dena had given birth to two sons in the years she had been working there, so Aife had not only had to do all of the bed linens, baby clothes, and diapers, she did the cooking, cleaning, and hunting for the family also.

Sometimes she wondered if she wasn't just a Serf for the Bjorn's'. Dena had also gotten more argumentative and complained that Aife's work was not satisfactory. Leif knew about the dislike between his wife and young help, but figured it was a woman's thing and he had better stay out of it.

Three hours later, Aife sighed getting yelled at by yet another demanding customer. Weaving her way through tables and such, Aife slapped more grabbing hands away, from a man at had tried to sit her on his lap, glaring at him, she continued dispensing drinks as needed and refilling others .

Plunking down a mug filled full of ale, she told the stranger "You gonna pay for that or not?"

Looking up into almost frozen blue eyes, the man stared at the young woman, until Aife told him again, none to gently. "Quit starring and hand over those coins, mister. I haven't got all day, you know."

"Oh...Right, yes, sorry about that." The man stumbled over his words, handing her several dirty coins, head lowered in embarrassment.

"Men," Aife scoffed, walking away with her tray under her arm. "Too thick headed for their own good."

Leif had given her the duty of keeping the tavern open once a week, on the slow days, certain customers had stopped coming once she had worked at the place for a week or two, so Leif had her taking care of the things in the Kitchen and the front on the slowest day of the week. The rest, Aife hunted or did laundry for Dena, earning odd jobs in her spare time. It kept her happy, plus the tavern didn't lose much money with her still working the front.

Aife snuffed out all of the candles in the main room, before stroking the coals and wrapping herself in her blanket, asleep once again before her head hit the floor. She was glad that tomorrow was her day off, so that she could spend some time out in the woods enjoying peace and quiet.

Aife wrapped her leather wrist guards onto her wrists, grabbing her

bow, quiver of arrows, sword, tucked a knife into her boot, and braided her long red hair, redoing it after sleeping with it in a braid. Quickly, she gathered wood to start fires in the several fire pits, and started to heat water for Dena and her daughters.

This was her day, and no one was going to take it away from her. Once her chores were done before Dena or Leif had come down the stairs, Aife left, after gathering ingredients for her famous meat soup.

Grabbing Leif's old mare, Aife disappeared into the woods to spend the day doing what she loved best, hunting and walking in the peaceful atmosphere.

Leif watched as a well dressed young man walked into the tavern before heading his way with an urgent look in his eyes.

"I'm looking for a girl." He started, but was interrupted by Leif.

"Feller, we're all looking for something around here. The difference is that some find it and others don't." Plunking down a cleaned mug, he continued. "But if it's a girl, you best look elsewhere, my girls aren't like that, you hear?"

"Not that kind of girl, I'm looking for one with red hair and was serving drinks yesterday. I need to talk with her." He nervously told the stern and older man.

"Aife isn't what you want in a wife, lad. She's libel to kill you first chance she got." An old timer told him, stopping in his drinking. "Why she's more likely to shoot you with that bow of hers, then kiss ya."

"You listen to old Garrick, young man." Another man told him, holding his mug up for a toast. "There isn't a man in this world that can tame that she-devil."

"Now, calm down, we don't want to be scarring the poor lad off right away." Leif told them, filling up a wooden vessel from a big barrel behind him. "Listen well, lad. Aife is well taught in sword fighting, archery, and other things, but the one thing no one can make her do and that's become a wife."

"I don't want to marry her. I just want to talk with her, she's really the missing Princess." The man tried to tell the tavern full of laughing men.

"Missing princess, my foot." Garrick told him, falling out of his chair. "Aife isn't a princess that's for sure. I've known that girl since she walked into town two years ago and she's more violent and deadly then the king himself! Why the only thing she could be princess of is the Princess of Vikings!"

The whole bar interrupted into laughter at Garrick's joke. But the young man was persistent. "Then maybe she is Princess Brenna. The crown princess went missing three years ago when she was coming home from the Mackintosh lands. She was betrothed to a Viking and claimed that she wasn't coming home until she was sure that she could match her husband in a fight."

"Aye, well you brought up interesting facts, I'll give you that, but Aife ain't nothing but a peasant that can out shoot every single person in Glasco." Leif told him knowingly.

"I shall be the decider of that my dear man." He told him, thinking up a way to convince them. "Princess Brenna was known for her skill with not only a bow but the sword as well. It's said that she's better at the sword then her twin sister Merida. And there is a certain way that is unusual in her handling of the blade. This evening when she comes back, meet me in the commons. And I shall prove wheither or not she is Princess Brenna or not."

"You seem pretty sure that she is. Are you willing to place a wager on that?" Leif asked, serious, eyeing the man up and down.

"Yes I am." He told him. So the tavern patrons watched as the two came to agreement.

That evening Aife walked into the middle of the Commons, the dust falling onto her dress as she faced her opponent. She was pretty sure that she was no Princess, but she was willing to play the part if it meant leaving Glasco behind.

Her bow was slung over her shoulder, as was her quiver, but she drew her sword anyway as she faced the same man that she had served yesterday. His hair was pulled back into a ponytail, while his body was covered in war paint. A red tartan covered his pants and a linen shirt was laced.

"Alright, I really hope you're right about me being a princess." Aife told him, watching his movements and waiting for the moment to strike.

"I haven't been wrong yet." He told her smugly, swinging his claymore forwards, as she blocked it.

"That's comforting." Aife grunted, pushing him away and swinging her lighter blade, trying to get underneath his guard. After going back and forth, the unknown man was disarmed when Aife switched hands, the tip of her blade going under his and twisting his claymore out of his hands.

The crowd gasped when the dust had died down and she was pointing her sword at the stranger.

The stranger grinned, bowing his head towards the young woman. "Princess Brenna, you have improved your trick I see."

"I am not Brenna. I go by Aife." She told him, helping him up from his knees and putting her sword away.

"Have you ever wondered why you go by that name?" He asked, rubbing his throat ruefully. "Aife was a great Warrior woman of myth, Brenna's favorite. Aife was a leader, who gave up happiness and freedom to keep the peace."

Aife thought for a moment. "Then we have nothing in common. That Aife sounds like a true leader, I'm just a hunter."

"The King and Queen will be very happy when you return to DunBroch, your highness." He told her, leading a horse forward.

The black animal was different from the brown war charger next to her. She had thin and delicate legs, some white splash on her chest, and her head was dished. She wasn't as tall as the charger that the man was astride, but she was still taller than the donkeys Aife was familiar with.

4. A clue to her past

****Chapter Four****

Aife had glared at her guide for the last three hours. She had tried to tell him that she had never ridden a horse. He was more stubborn than her, and she was known for her stubbornness. As the two horses trotted through the forest, for the last quarter mile, Aife's guide stopped them in a clearing, declaring that this was where they were going to set up camp for the night.

"So tell me again why I couldn't just stay in Glasco?" Aife asked, getting off her horse, okay it was more of a falling off. "And my butt feels like I got rear ended by several bucks!"

"That'll go away with practice." He commented drily, starting a fire to cook some jerky with. "As for leaving you in Glasco, princess, well you're needed in DunBroch."

"Would you stop calling me Princess!" Aife demanded angrily, pulling out a stone to sharpen her sword on. "And what is Brenna needed for?"

"You act just like you twin sister, you know that?" He asked, sighing before continuing. "Dagur the Deranged, chief of the Berserkers demanded that when he arrives in DunBroch, that he will only talk peacefully if a woman with red hair and blue eyes, excellent in a sword and bow is present, claims she goes by the name of Blaire Jorgenson."

"You're saying Dagur will only talk if I am there?" Aife asked incredible. "I have never even met the man! Let alone even fought him, Mackintosh." She started to laugh at the man.

"Aye, lassie, that's what I'm saying. When I heard about you in Glasco, Queen Elinor sent me to bring you back to DunBroch." The young Mackintosh told her, trying to get his charge to stop laughing.

"What's so special about this Blaire Jorgenson anyway?" Aife asked, curiosity starting to get the better of her when hearing about the name Jorgenson.

"She's King Fergus' younger sister, destined to be the next ruler of the Celts, but she gave that up to marry a Viking named Spitelout Jorgenson and stay in Viking waters. She looks just like you, with some minor changes."

"Okay, this might sound really weird, but my name is Aife Jorgenson and I'm a Viking." Aife told him, halting in her sharpening. "The

only thing I have left of my parents is this." She tossed him the sheathed sword, working on her hunting knife. "I've been trying to figure the crest out for a year."

Looking closer, Lachlan studied the crest in his hands. "I've seen this before. Merida showed it to me when we were kids and were playing around in the castle." He observed. "It'll come to me, it always does."

"Well while you're remembering. What was Blaire like?" Aife asked, trying to understand why a Celt would willingly marry a Viking. From her years of growing up in Scotland, the Vikings were cursed among them.

"I've only met her once or twice, but she could handle a blade like you do. If I'm not mistaken, she had a sword crafted especially to fit her small frame. Soft spoken, that woman was, but you injure or single someone out and try to fight, she turned into a regular momma bear. Scared the men so much that there were rumors going around that only one thing in this world was more terrifying than Vikings and it was the red haired baby sister of King Fergus."

"Sounds like someone I really want to meet." Aife told him, listening as he fondly told her tales.

"She was the youngest sibling of King Fergus, but even with seven brothers, she could still fight better with a sword than all of them." Lachlan Mackintosh remembered the first time he had met the woman. "Once, when I was seven or eight, she came tearing through the doors, her hair a flamed, eyes blazing and dragging two boys behind her. She was wearing a Celtic dress and she still made the men in the room cower, along with the two boys."

"Who was she dragging?" Aife asked, curious about more.

"Dagur and her son, Snotface? Snotlegs, Snot something or other. Found the two pranking another boy that went by the name of Hiccup. She was so mad, she dragged them through the castle courtyard by their ears."

King Fergus paced the throne room, impatient to talk with that young Mackintosh. He had gotten a message from the young man saying that he might have found the person he had sought most for thirteen years.

When he had gotten a letter from his sister's husband saying that Blaire had died and that their daughter, Aife was taken by a rogue Scotsman, he had been enraged. He had tried to find his niece within his kingdom's borders but there was only so much he could search and look, leaving state matters to Elinor.

As Lachlan Mackintosh walked through the doors, leading a young woman with red hair and blue eyes, Fergus caught his breath in his throat. She looked like his sister when she was that age, almost perfectly. Even the sword on her waist looked familiar. The outfit was strange, but he had never seen his sister in anything but a proper Celtic style dress, even when she had come to visit with her tribe.

"King Fergus, may I present Aife Jorgenson." Lachlan told him, pushing the woman closer.

"After all these yearsâ€¦" He said, sweeping the girl into a bone crushing bear hug. It was kind of to be expected with him being the Bear King after all. "Aife Jorgenson, I haven't seen you in thirteen years and it turns up that you've been in Glasco!"

"Uh, do I know you?" Aife asked ribs hurting from the unexpected bone crushing hug.

"It was thirteen years ago, when I came to Berk to visit the child of my sister's, but you were taken shortly after I left returning home." Fergus told her, sorrow in his voice. "Your father and Brother will greatly welcome the news of you being found! They never gave up searching for you, especially that Spitelout!" He boomed, slapping her on the back.

Aife stumbled forward a few steps, her breath hitching in her lungs. Fergus had a really strong arm.

"If you excuse me, I believe that there are horses to be taken care of, your highness." Lachlan started rambling as he left the room, leaving uncle and niece to get to know each other.

As he walked out he ran into a mass of fiery curls and wildness. As the princess started to ask him why he was in DunBroch, Lachlan dragged the young woman with him to the stables.

"Lachlan!" Merida tugged her arm out of his grip. "What are you doing?"

"Keeping you from ruining a family moment." Lachlan told her, unsaddling his charger.

"What family moment?" Merida asked suspicious.

"You remember your Aunt Blaire?" Lachlan asked, putting the heavy saddle on the wall between Angus and him.

"Yes, but she died thirteen years ago." Merida told him, crossing her arms.

"Well she had a daughter named Aife, when I was riding through Glasco, I meant her and actually I mistook her for Brenna." Lachlan ruefully told her.

"Let me get this straight." Merida told him, leaning against Angus' warm hide. "My Da is in the throne room talking with a cousin I have never seen nor heard of and you want me to believe ya?"

Lachlan shrugged, "Yep. You heard Dagur, he will only talk if Blaire is there to mediate between the two."

"Who bloody listens to Dagur anyway?" Merida stood up her, temper showing. "He's just a Viking, a pushy, over demanding Viking at that!"

Lachlan silently agreed to Merida, but as he began brushing the sweat off his horse, he continued. "He's the one with a giant fleet of Berserkers, Merida. Better hold your temper while he's here."

Sighing, Merida understood where her life-long friend was coming from. "So how long are you here this time?" She asked.

"Oh, maybe a couple days. I don't want to leave Aife alone with nothing familiar. But father has been nagging me to come home and stay longer than just a month each time." Lachlan told her, remembering the elder Mackintosh.

"Not like you get all the fun anyways." Merida told him, eyes starting to gleam with a plan.

"Meridaâ€¦.Whatever you are thinking, forget it." Lachlan tried to have his friend stop, but that was impossible once Merida set her mind onto something.

"Why am I standing here trying to even best you?" He asked, as Merida shot yet another bullseye. "Thought we established I wasn't an Archer when the clans got together."

"Hahaha, says the wee lamb that lost to a girl." Merida grinned, her hair flying as she turned to face her friend. "All ya need is some more practice."

5. Deranged is kind of my Thing

Chapter Five

Deranged is kind of my thing

Merida stared at the woman in amazement. She looked just like her except her hair was straight and braided, not loose and unruly like hers.

"So Lachlan has told me that you're called Aife?" Merida asked, curiosity pricked.

"Yes. And you are?" Aife asked, feeling like she was facing her wild haired twin, if she had one that is.

"Merida. We're cousins in a sense, I guess." Merida told her, liking what she saw in the other girl. "Now, I'm gonna warn you about the wee devilsâ€¦."

And that's how two cousins met and formed a bond so tight that they were almost sisters. Where Aife was better in Sword, Merida tried improving her cousin's archery, when she had found out.

Three weeks went by before Dagur was supposed to arrive and Aife was meant to mediate between two halves of her heritage. Viking and Scottish, enemies, both warriors, and both have stubbornness issues.

Aife felt like she was going to puke from the nerves, finally deciding on taking the black horse she had named Shadow with her to go hunting. That way she felt useful but at the same time, she could find a balance for the day.

Hunting down the two bucks took most of the morning for Aife, but it

was freedom and she actually felt content from the lessons and pointers from the last four days. Every where she had turned, Aunt Elinor was there trying to prepare her for the upcoming dates.

But walking contentedly through town, her kill slung over her horse's back, Aife was knocked down by a young man wearing a horned helmet. Pulling herself off the ground, her temper started to flair.

"You son-of-a Half-Troll, Stable smellingâ€¦!" Aife started to utter the dirtiest names she could think off, while facing the Viking in front of her. "You, couldn't see a back horse carrying two bucks, now could you?!" She finally demanded finally running out of names. Which was pretty extensive too, she had cursed him and his future generations over a half dozen times.

"I'm not the one that should have been watching where they were going." The man told her, finally able to talk. His eyes gleamed like he was enjoying her spirit.

"I didn't hear you say that now did I?" Aife demanded, frozen blue eyes turning a dark stormy color, the kind that warned even the most experienced sailors to not even try.

"I was walking, how was I suppose to know that a short tempered girl leading her brother's kills through town was going to appear out of nowhere." He demanded, not seeing the red haired woman snap when he had said brother.

"I do my own hunting." She bit out, drawing her sword from its sheath on her waist. The man smiled a predatory grin and pulled his sword from his back.

Just as the two were going to strike their weapons, a large older man stood between them, holding his hands out peacefully. "Enough. We don't have time for this nonsense, boy. Apologize to the girl and let's go."

"Just stay out of my way, you over grown Dung Bucket." She growled at him, flinging one of the slain deer back onto Shadow and leaping aboard, before putting heels to ribs and flying out of the mass of onlookers.

One of the men, wearing similar helms as the one she had gotten into a fight with, told his friend. "Now there goes a brave spirit indeed. It was like watching Blaire Jorgenson all over again."

"Aye, she would make the Berserkers a good chief, or maybe Dagur an excellent wife. It looked like she was almost going to best him too." A man starting to grey at the temples laughed at his own joke.

Aife lugged in the two dead deer into the kitchen as she went past to get ready for the upcoming negotiations. Aunt Elinor had made her promise to change her clothes to something else; not wanting the young teenager to mediate dressed like a peasant.

Merida caught sight of her cousin, grinning; she grabbed her by the arm and led her to an unused room within the castle walls.

"Merida, what's going on?" Aife asked, looking around at all the dust covered furniture and nick knacks. Whoever had lived in this room had

been interested in a lot of things, varying from hand carved bows to beautiful taperestries showing pictures of men fighting dragons. "I thought I was going to borrow one of your dresses?"

"Changed my mind, you'll look better in one of Aunt Blaire's dresses." Merida looked at Aife for a second then grabbed off-white under dress, before grabbing a light mint green over dress. The off-white dress had sleeves that ended in a V on the backs of her wrists, leaving the over sleeves to flare in a huge opening on the front, stopping a little below her elbows. The sleeves had gold bands on her upper arms, as the fabric became sheer and dropped away. She also put on a low slung golden colored weaved belt, that's ends dangled before her feet.

Once dressed, Aife had her red locks hanging loose around her shoulders, declaring that she looked fine. She however was not going to wear the gold circlet with a sapphire, Merida was trying to put on top of her head.

"Merida, I already feel over dressed. I only promised your mother that I wasn't going to wear my hunting clothes, I didn't promise that I was going to look like the queen of the Fae!" Aife told her, arms crossed and she was backing away from her older cousin.

"Ah come on!" Merida playfully told her. "I heard that the chief was a young single warrior." She told her, a glint in her eyes.

"I thought you said you weren't going to marry, ever. When did you becoming interested in boys come about?" Aife asked her, putting some daggers in well hidden straps.

"Not for me, silly. You. You could marry the chief!" Merida declared, watching as her cousin stopped hiding daggers and stared at her in surprise.

"He's called Dagur the DERANGED!" Aife yelled at her, once she overcame her surprise.

"Ah come on, he's just a wee lamb underneath all that craziness." Merida complained as the two girls headed towards the hall.

"I liked it better when people only thought of me as a fierce warrior." Aife grumbled, as the shouting behind the thick oak doors caught her ear.

~AVJ~

Aife barged in, eyes hard as flint seeing the same young warrior from before arguing with her uncle and locked in a sword fight. In anger, she drew one of her knives and threw it at the man. The whole room had died down, as she walked forward, pulling her knife out of the pillar behind him. It had embedded itself inches away from the warrior's throat and shoulder. The man was staring at the spot where her knife had sat, awe and newfound respect in his eyes.

"No one hurts my uncle." She snarled at him, sheathing the blade. "I'm late by three minutes and I walk into thisâ€¦This disgrace!" She yelled, facing the joined men. "I don't care what your reasons are, I came to help mediate this agreement and I won't stand for fighting. The next man that starts to fight, will answer to my blade."

Fergus, tried to calm the angry teenager down, but to no success. She turned her scowl to him.

The young man tried to talk, but she crossed her arms, scowling the whole time. "You said that Blaire would be here! You lied to me old man, just like your subjects burning everything in Viking waters!"

"Blaire can't come when you call her, she's in Valhalla!" Aife lost the hold on her temper and roared at the taller man. "Now, sit yourself down and cool your heels, before I pin you to a pillar!"

The man stopped talking for the second time that night, staring at the red head curiously.

Aife spoke softer now, grinning. "Thank you. Now what are you talking about Scotsmen attacking your shores?"

Glaring at the petite woman, who looked like a queen, Dagur continued. "For two years, Viking waters have held a menace calling himself Bernard the Bear. We have tried to stop him, but he's already made ash out of the Bog-Burglars and the Wind-Runners."

Aife was well taught in the ways of Bernard the Bear, he had raised her for eleven years. Hearing that he had been attacking Vikings was no new surprise, that man hated anyone bearing blood of the Norsemen. She also knew where he was heading, the island of Berk and then onto every other Viking, until they no longer was walking on Earth.

"I know of this man." Aife spoke to Dagur, looking the man in the eye. "When he attacks Vikings no mercy is given, not even for the children or women. He hates our kind, and unless I can get out there to help stop him, no one will be spared."

"Why should I listen to a girl?" Dagur sneered, looking her form up and down.

"Not just any girl, Dagur. I am Blaire's only daughter and raised by Bernard. He lives in a blood rage every day, and while we stay here bickering, the less chance Vikings will even be able to survive." Aife told him, knowing where Dagur was going next.

A/N: Yes there are Some Brave characters, but only for about three chapters worth, so I figured that it didn't need to be a crossover story. Reviews are much loved and apperaited! Not sure when the next update will be. Finals are in two weeks, so just leave a review and I'll see what I can whip up for you after Finals! Happy Reading!

6. Notice

I know most of you might have given up on this story ever updating again, but those that haven't please be patient. I've been really busy with everyday life. Trying to graduate high school early isn't easy. After that, I'm heading for college, but that takes money. Which I don't have at the moment, but never fear! I am taking a second look see through this story, noticing errors and grimacing at

my younger self. There is so many things that I want to change in this that it isn't funny. I am writing over time because I have like two weeks before I go back to the grinding stone and in that time, I hope to not only rewrote what I have to make it flow easier but add things that make it less confusing. After that, I will be updating new chapters (I hope soon) and finishing this story. To the following people, I am doing this solely for you.

>-Autobot Nightfury
-HeartLuvAnimeGirl

>-Katskigirl
-Murphdog98

>-Raised To Be A Fighter
-The Shadow Gryphon

>-squirpsdolphin
-Clockwork's Apprentice

>-DinoMaster316
-GOthgirl252

>-MaxximusPrime
-MysteriousWriterGirl14

>-Sparkle8419192
-Guest

>I believe that was everyone who has either followed, Favorited, reviewed or both.
May your pens never dull and imaginations always soar,/strong/p

>~KiChan<p>

End
file.